

Erased Duet

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/14434104) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/14434104>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Love , Nightmares , Post-Fall (Hannibal) , Cancer , Vakkrehejm 'verse
Language:	English
Series:	Part 19 of Tomorrow was our Golden Age .
Stats:	Published: 2018-04-25 Words: 324 Chapters: 1/1

Erased Duet

by [Zigzagwanderer](#)

Summary

I guess this comes somewhere after "Long May it Sustain Them"? After the Fall, Will and H are living together on Vakkrehejm, an island in the Baltic sea. In their own ways, they are both still recovering, Will from the mental traumas his life has brought him, Hannibal from a recent, physical illness. Thank you to anyone out there who is reading these-It's lovely to think of you enjoying this ongoing story.xxxxxx

Notes

Just got back onto Tumblr

The sky has no colour. Its shallows are endless, and they foam with bloody clouds.

The stars are sharp as shells. They are chitinous, creviced, they are splitting Hannibal's skin. Beneath the wounding waves, alien tunicates bloom, like tumours.

The orbits of their enemies are without mercy. They roll and grind Will, spin the breath from him; he is without breath, for there is no air to breathe.

He is flying, not drowning, not this time, not this time, but the end is the same.

Washed back down to the ground, Will awakes. He breaks himself apart on impact with the rippled sheets.

The same dreams, but different.

The same goddamn dreams, but different, now.

He thought he was over this.

But now it is different.

Will is alone in the bed. The little white house sways. The moon balances bone along the edges of all the furniture.

Echoing along the corridors, a dog barks.

After a few minutes, Will wades downstairs, searching.

His eyes are briny.

The kitchen is warm and dry. Floral tea, not seaweed, chokes the water. It spills on the tiles. As his pulse ebbs, so the flooding sky recedes.

Hannibal comes in from the bathroom, cinnamon and mint brushed over the sour. His face is beaten smooth; there is an aftermath to pain.

In his hand, he holds his medicine.

Will puts his own palms out flat on the wet tiles.

Is it working?

Is it goddamn working at all?

Please let it work.

Will turns fully from the window. To hell with the sea. To hell with the heavens. He turns his back on everything but Hannibal, who is before him.

They have survived before.

Monsters do not die.

Turning fully from the window now, Will watches as Hannibal turns from the sickness, towards him.

Hannibal turns from his sickness and he puts the medicine down on the wet tiles and he walks, wearily, straight into Will's arms.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!